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THE PEOPLE'S ADVENT.

'Tis coming up the steps of Time,
And this old world is growing brighter;
We may not see its Dawn sublime,
Yet high hopes make the heart thro' lighter.
Our dust may slumber underground
When it awakes the world in wonder;
But we have felt it gathering round—
We have heard its voice of distant thunder.
'Tis coming! yes, 'tis coming!
'Tis coming now, that glorious time,
Foretold by seers and sung in story,
For which, when thinking was a crime,
Souls leaped to heaven from scaffold's gory.
They passed. But lo! the work they have wrought
Now the crowned hopes of centuries blossom!
The lightning of their living thought
Is flashing through us, brain and bosom:
'Tis coming! yes, 'tis coming!
—GERALD MASSEY, in the *Coming Nation*.

The Passing Show.

BY IGNOTUS.

According to the daily press, the Primate has been telling his flock (of sheep) in St. Andrew's Cathedral that God "honored the sword when he needed it, and called it into use." True, the sword of violence was not the sword of God. But the sword of violence was not the sword of our Empire. It almost makes one despair, when one pictures a huge congregation or more or less educated men and women sitting listening without a protest to this sort of lying piffle. But when one reads the records of the bishops as told by their votes and speeches in the British House of Lords, one understands the mental heresidy, and the distorted historical and moral sense, which allows a man, who is supposed to be a spiritual teacher, to make such a statement as that of "the sword of violence not being the sword of our Empire." How, we may well ask him, are India and Ireland held? How was Canada wrested from France? How was British supremacy in South Africa established? How was the Crimean war fought? Was it rose water and kid gloves all the time; or were the horrors of war let loose on men, women, and children because "God needed the sword and called it into use"? Faugh! Such episcopal hypocrisy makes one's gorge rise!

Here is the tale, as told by themselves, of some of the predecessors of this pervertor of the truth. In 1831, the Lords rejected the great Reform Bill by 199 to 158 votes; 21 bishops voted against the Bill, 2 for it. The Archbishop found the Bill "mischievous in its tendency, and dangerous to the fabric of the constitution." In 1833, the House of Lords threw out the Home Rule for Ireland Bill. The Bishop of Ripon spoke against the Bill, and 22 bishops (including the two Archbishops) voted against it. In 1807, the House of Lords rejected a Bill for establishing a public elementary school in every parish. Fifteen bishops voted against it. The Archbishop of Canterbury, speaking against the Bill, remarked, "Their Lordships would feel how dangerous it might be to innovate in such matters." In 1839, the Bishop of Exeter, speaking in the House of Lords on an Education Bill, remarked, "Looking to the poor as a class they couldn't expect that those who were assigned by Providence to the laborious occupations of life, should be able largely to cultivate their intellects." In 1801, when peace was made with France, the Bishop of Rochester spoke and voted against making peace with Bonaparte. In 1854 no bishop spoke or voted against the Crimean war, or criticised the conduct of the Government. In 1878, Lord Halifax moved a vote of censure in the Lords "regretting the conduct pursued by the Government, which had unnecessarily engaged this country in war" (with Afghanistan). Six bishops voted against the vote of censure. On a similar occasion in 1864, when the Government was condemned for not supporting little Denmark against her marauding neighbor, Germany, 19 bishops were against the resolution of condemnation.

In 1899 no bishop rose in the House of Lords to protest against the Boer war, and according to Mr. Joseph Clayton, from whose indictment of the bishops I am quoting, "Peace Societies do not count the Bishops of the Church of England for their allies." On the other hand, the bishops have always proved themselves good fighters

War! War! War!

TAKE notice, comrades, that the Whig Government in England, which has for its admirers and allies the Labor Party in the British Parliament, is holding in readiness to shoot down the seamen on strike at Hull two squadrons of the Second Dragoons Guards at York. It was Asquith, the present leader of that party, who gave orders some few years ago to shoot down the strikers at Featherstone; and since the Whigs have been in power peaceful citizens were shot down, during a period of industrial struggle, at Belfast.

This is the murderous work that your Australian lads are now being trained for. If they take the military oath, they have no choice, but to shoot down their friends and comrades, or themselves be shot as mutineers. Do not believe those "Labor" politicians who tell you "there is no class war."

This seamen's struggle is a conscious international struggle of the workers against capitalism represented by the shipping federations, and in every country where the struggle is being carried on capitalism has at its command, and uses freely, soldiery, police and firemen. Your comrades are being beaten over the head with the batons of the police, they are struck to the ground by cruel streams of water from the fire hose, and they will soon be decimated by the bullets of the Second Dragoons Guards.

We call upon you International Socialists to send through Tom Mann a message of solidarity and of comradeship to the seamen strikers of Great Britain.

in the class war on the side of the capitalists. In 1840, the Lords prevented the passing of a Bill to abolish sending boys up chimneys. Two bishops only spoke in support of the Bill, which was referred to a select committee, on the ground that property would be endangered if chimneys were swept by machinery instead of by boys. In 1812 the Lords passed a Bill making death the penalty for rioting and machine breaking. No bishop voted against the Bill. In 1842 Lord Brougham moved for a select committee to enquire into the distress throughout the country. Four bishops voted against the enquiry, none for it. In 1839 the Lords threw out a Bill for suppressing the Portuguese slave trade. One bishop voted for the Bill, two against. Does not this indictment show that the bishops have been tried for many years in the balance, and have been found wanting, and is it not time that the people should take the matter in hand, and turn out neck and crop the unfaithful shepherds, who have despoiled and ravaged, instead of feeding the flock?

Our comrades will remember the great pains the Labor Ministers have been at to reassure freehold landowners, and allow them to sleep peacefully in their beds. Mr. Storey is at equal pains to explain to us the reason of this backing down before their own programme on the part of those who were sent to power with a mandate for land nationalisation. Says Mr. Storey in the *Telegraph* of June 26th, "The abolition of freehold tenure has never been practically opposed in Parliament yet. I don't for a moment think we shall hear any more about it. But all legislation coming forward now will have the keenest scrutiny, regardless of what may happen—defeat of Government, general election, or anything else. . . . I hold the right to freehold sacred. I would put six Governments out rather than do away with it. You may depend on this, that if we find that the Minister for Lands is using his discretionary powers all in one direction, and preventing men from taking up freeholds in Crown lands, we shall look upon that as just as bad as if he brought in a proposal to repeal the Conversion Act." Mr. Storey, hiding himself behind the "we" of the Independents or Democrats, appears to think himself above and supreme over the will of the people. Is it not time the people took a hand in this game and eched the front bench men, who are quarrelling over their winnings?

There is a move on the part of the State teachers towards organising industrially for better conditions in the teaching profession. In this they are only following the example of teachers in America, where last year the whole organisation of female teachers affiliated with the Federation of Labor. A meeting of all teachers in Sydney interested in this more militant attitude will be held in

the Trades Hall on July 5th, when we may look forward to hearing another branch of Labor supporters bewailing the fact that a Labor Party in power does little to remedy their economic grievances.

The *Herald* of June 26th is literally in tears as it deplores the attitude of the Federal Government towards the coronation and anointing of George V. As one reads the leader of that date, one can hear the toothless old grannie sniffing behind a pocket handkerchief, while she ejaculates between her sobs: "There were no Australian troops in the procession!" "Mr. Fisher was escorted by Canadian troops!" "Wow wow! (Sniff.)" "The Custom House wasn't lit up!" "Neither was the Post Office." (Here her voice is lost for a moment or two in the handkerchief; and then in a weary trickle proceeds): "The Federal Ministry abstained from attending the Governor-General's coronation levee!" "Boo-hoo, boo-hoo! Oh dear, oh dear, what will they think about us in England? And won't the English investors look askance at us because they will doubt our loyalty? Oh dear, oh dear! How grossly we are being misrepresented by the Commonwealth Government! Oh George and Mary, and all your capitalist friends whose kind patronage we beg for, please don't be angry with us, but wipe your boots on us, if you wish, and we will wallow and bow and scrape, and show you how truly loyal we are, in spite of all these unfortunate mistakes!" (Exit sniffing).

We take the following from *Justice* of May 27th to show how valuable may be the work of International Socialists in undermining in every country the power and prestige of militarism. Comrades of Australia, go and do likewise! We may point out in this connection that the "Citizen Army" mentioned in *Justice* as the only alternative for the future, is an army which does not exact a military oath of allegiance, and is consequently more democratic in its form than any other defence force; neither can any soldier in its ranks be called upon in obedience to the military oath, to shoot down his comrades in the industrial struggle.

"We are glad to learn our enemies have discovered that the same work of undermining loyalty is carried on by Socialists in the Army. Mr. Robert Edmondson, an ex-soldier of notoriety, writing in *Justice* in the early part of January, 1910, declared that for three years Social-Democrats had been making it their business 'to destroy the Army.' Their method had been to discourage recruiting by every means in their power and to create discontent and disaffection in the ranks."

It is cause for satisfaction for us to know that our work in this respect has been very effectual. We do not content ourselves with supporting pious, but empty, resolutions

against armaments one day and hob-nobbing with War Ministers and "War Lords" another, and we take no stock of professions of peace made by politicians and monarchs and statesmen who are steadily increasing their aggressive armaments; but we direct our efforts to making the professional army of the master class impotent as an instrument of aggression, and we are pleased to know that our efforts have not been in vain. Mr. Haldane's great "Territorial" scheme is now confessedly a failure, and that was admittedly the last word of voluntary professional soldiery. There is now no alternative to conscription save the democratic Citizen Army. Conscription the people of this country will most assuredly not stand, and therefore it must ultimately be the Citizen Army or nothing."

Like our Labor Ministry fry, the leaders of the Labor Party in England, if given sufficient rope, will always some day find a tempting social function at which to go and hang themselves. Mr. Ramsay MacDonald's latest proof of attachment to Socialist principles is his acceptance of an invitation to lunch with Kaiser Wilhelm, the sworn enemy of Socialists in "The Fatherland." We shall before long give in these columns a criticism of Mr. MacDonald's latest work on the Socialist movement—not because there is any value in the book, or because it is any serious contribution to Socialist literature, but just to point out to comrades where this insidious reformism and revisionist teaching is leading, and how successfully it is throwing dust in the eyes of those who have not a clear economic outlook, or who have not studied the questions of the day in the light of scientific Socialism. The whole foolish little book is a deliberate raising of false issues by a man who knows the real issues, but who knows also that it suits his own book better to *mislead* with the false than to *lead* with the true. The latter course would mean social ostracism from court and civic functions; it would mean a lifelong minor martyrdom, and camping in the political wilderness. The former course means going to Westminster on Liberal votes, becoming a financially successful journalist and wirepuller, and—crowning infamy—meeting in friendship and social amity the man who, from his exalted position in Germany, attacks Socialism and Socialists with more open malice than does any other European ruler.

We learn through the cables of the enemy that Tom Mann is busy organising the seamen's strike at Liverpool. The strike has been for many months carefully planned, and is now being carried out in the true international spirit, which will make it a new form of object lesson in the progress of the industrial struggle. English, German, Dutch, Belgian, Danish, Norwegian, Swedish and American sailors and firemen are demanding a Conciliation Board, national minimum rate of wages; manning scale for stokehold, deck and gallery; abolition of medical examination; abolition of the engagement of seamen in the Shipping Federation offices; right of seamen to a portion of their wages in port during a voyage; right of seamen to have a representative present when signing on; hours of labor and rates of overtime to be fixed; improved forecabin accommodation. Seventy-five per cent of the seamen are in the union ranks; but the Shipping Federation is a strong masters' union, and the fight is likely to be a tough one. The British Admiralty are using Lascar crews as scab crews to convey guests to the coronation naval review at Spithead, and Chinese crews are signing on at Barry under police protection. This should show Australian "Labor" folk who cackle about "a White Australia," that when the class war is on it cannot be fought out on the color line. Industrial Unionism, which is the only organization that can successfully fight the combination of the masters, will recognise neither sex nor color line; but will strive to make all industrial workers class conscious, and militant members in the vast army which is slowly but surely organising on the proletarian side of the barricade.

"Prosperity" is a metaphysical term that is—so far as the workers are concerned, it is like the soul—much talked about, but never seen.

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To our Contributors.

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Write legibly, on one side of the paper only, and leave good space between the lines.

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Every contribution must bear the writer's name—not necessarily for publication.

Contributions received later than Wednesday cannot be guaranteed insertion in following week's issue.

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All social evils and religious errors arise out of the pillage of the laborer by the idler; the idler leaving him only enough to live on, and even that miserably, and taking all the rest of the produce of his work to spend in his own luxury, or in the toys with which he beguiles his idleness.

RUSKIN.

Coronation Crib for the Pauper Poor

And the Crowning of a King.

BY NO. 13.

A BALD-HEADED MAN in a London office picks up a pen and dashes off a cable to the Australian press. He says: "Widespread rejoicings at the determination of the king to feed 50,000 poor people on coronation day," or "Great enthusiasm over the determination of the Government to distribute 1000 mugs to the children of Hackney-in-the-Mud." As if by magic, 500 able editors in Australia pick up their pens and indite columns of conventional slush about the regal generosity of the king or the Government, and the remarkable advantages possessed by the poor of the British Empire over the poor of other low-down empires in getting a square feed or two "on the nod" once or twice in the course of a century. The bag-gard pauper swells with importance. He is a protege of the king for a day, and like some rare animal he will be handled by the rich, and feted, feasted (by contract), and flattered to his heart's content. The object, of course, is to prevent Socialist agitators, and other evilly-disposed persons stirring up the discontent of the starving poor at a time when the rich—including a large and varied assortment of political "Labor" leaders—are gorged with champagne and roast poultry. Fill the poor with cheap beer and low-grade contract corn beef and plum duff and there is no room for revolution in their minds. They are controlled by their bellies. Fill those and the most ferocious radical among them will become tame enough to eat out of the hand of a king. Always a wonderful people—the British! Only the other day it was reported from London that 30,000 paupers had been relieved at public expense in 24 hours. The number has frequently been higher than this. During the week given over to the coronation carousal we shall be surfeited with the statement that "Britain is the greatest empire" on the face of this brown old earth which hides in her bosom the mouldering relics of forty dead and gone "greatest empires." "Greatest" does not

necessarily mean "best." Mere bulk is not an excellent quality in an empire. Whatever other qualities it may boast, be they good or bad, Great Britain has more wealth and penury per acre of its area than any other nation on earth. A fearful mass of poverty exists in the great cities of England, Ireland, Scotland, and Wales. There is evidence that one out of every 12 persons in the United Kingdom needs parish relief to keep them from starvation. In London out of every nine people who die, two die in a workhouse, hospital, or other public institution. In Manchester it is one in five; in Liverpool and Birmingham, one out of every six. A few years ago a return was issued by the Glasgow Medical Officer of Health, in which he showed that out of every 100 homes in Glasgow, 30 consisted of only one room, 44 of two rooms, 14 of three rooms, seven of four rooms, five of five rooms and upwards. Out of children born in the one-roomed homes, one out of every three dies in infancy; in the houses consisting of five or more rooms, one out of 50. These figures demonstrate what a frightful mass of poverty exists in Great Britain's chief cities.

Where the poor are huddled and hustled together, each sex, like swine!

A nation in which some are so rich that they literally do not know what to do with their wealth, and millions are so poor that

The Mammonite mother kills her babe for a burial fee.

cannot be said to be great, despite the garish declaration of the hypnotised Labor leaders now flunking at the coronation carousal. A nation wherein men, women, boys, and girls, some not of the same family, are herded 14 and 16 in one room, to the utter destruction of all morality; where incest is so common, that it is thought nothing of, cannot be said to be great by the wildest stretch of imagination. Manners, morals, health—all deteriorate when ragged, hungry, unemployed people huddle together in the fetid slums of a great city. The darkest picture in modern social life is the dissipation of that physical strength acquired by generations of country life—in our horrible city life, where:

Pent in close unwholesome places,
Where the sun can barely shine,
Little children with pale faces
In their abject squalor pine.

'Tis a place by fever haunted,
Where they draw a poisoned breath,
Yet the poor work on undimmed
In this atmosphere of death!

It is a sad disgrace to a nation which has just given itself up to a paroxysm of loyalty to the gilded figure-head of the constitution. There is nothing glorious in the fact that out of every 1000 children daily attending school in London 280 go hungry, and in many cases barefooted. Others cannot attend at all—are kept away because of their raggedness. England allows, with true capitalistic generosity, royal and aristocratic drones, and a whole mob of capitalistic thieves to consume the produce of her poor, overworked workers. The great and wealthy American orator, Chauncey M. Depew, on one occasion, when in London, dressed himself in a garb which was a cross between that of a costermonger and a pickpocket, and traversed the Whitechapel district. This is what he saw at the heart of that empire, which the proud Briton lauds with damnable iteration at this season of the year: "Such poverty, such misery, such wretchedness, such a seething furnace of ignorance, and all that attends upon hopelessness, I never saw before, and never expect to see again. I felt that this great city with its magnificent palaces, with every evidence in part of it of the largest wealth, the greatest luxury, the most liberal expenditure, rested upon a volcano which only needed the force of civilisation to bring upon it a catastrophe which would shock the world." Yea, verily, brethren, and Socialism is the "force" which,

bred of civilisation, will arouse the workers of Britain to the consciousness that they are a class—an oppressed and expropriated class—and bring about the grand catastrophe. But it is safe to wager that the Fishers, Pearces, Batchelors, and other Labor fakirs in London will do nothing to arouse this class consciousness. They are eminently safe and sound "masters" men. Neither will they emulate Depew's exploit and explore in mufti the pestiferous purlieus of Babylon. Not much, thank you. The Woldorf Astoria or the Cecil Hotels are quite good enough for them. Let the slum-dwellers' kids get "coronation mugs," and their embruted parents rotten saveloys and beer, and a few cheap Union Jacks, "made in Germany," and all will be well with them and Britain and the Commonwealth. So let us have another drink, boys, and now all together "Gorsave."

Lessons for Strikers.

In connection with the tramway strike at Johannesburg, "Scientist" in the *Voice of Labor* of May 26th, has the following article, which we are glad to republish as excellent suggestions for strikers:

"1. The ruling class will do all in its power to prevent the working class from uniting."

The ruling class is beginning to realise that when once the workers are united in an orderly, disciplined, intelligent and capable body, the regime of capitalism is doomed. To prevent the proletariat from organising nothing in our present stage of civilisation is considered too sacred to be sacrificed. As a glaring instance the abrogation of the freedom of speech will suffice. Freedom of speech, that priceless gem for which men of all nations have suffered and bled, has become cheaper than dirt. By a stroke of the pen men are robbed of that attribute that forms the line of demarcation between the animal and human kingdoms. By the fiat of the powers that be the human race becomes a race of mutes. What a power to place in the hands of a few individuals!

The ban on the freedom of speech is but a means to an end. The object in view is to hem in the workers with restrictions political and economic, so as to make combination absolutely impossible. The ruling class reserves the prerogative of combination for itself. Huge industries may combine into one concern, reduce wages and dispense with half the number of employees. The wives and children of the retrenched wage-slaves may starve and suffer untold hardships. The "sacked" female workers may have to sell their honor on the streets in order to obtain the necessities of life. The unemployed widowed mother may also have to take to prostitution to obtain a crust of bread for her hopeless children. Men may commit suicide by the hundred through being unemployed. Traders may go insolvent. Banks may fail, and thousands of other horrors may happen as a sequel to the combination of the economic interests of the ruling class—all these things, and more, happen daily, and capitalism vainly seeks to cover up these evils by calling the cause of them "high finance." On the other hand let the wage-slaves combine to protect their position, and the act is immediately called "the tyranny of the workers."

"2. A ceaseless war must go on between the masters and wage-slaves until the latter combine on the industrial field and abolish once and for ever the present iniquitous system of production for profit and not for use."

If the capitalists were taken, with all their scrip, money, houses and machines, and transported to Mars or Venus, would the human race die

of starvation? Assuredly not. The inestimable thing is the fact that the wage-slaves possess what is necessary for the existence and welfare of the human race; therefore the banishment of the capitalist and all his belongings will afford mankind an opportunity to inaugurate a new era on a higher plane of civilisation. The ruling class know very well that the proletariat can live without it, hence the antagonism against the combination of the workers. The only class that is of any account is the working class, because it can exist through its own actions; whereas the ruling class depends solely on the actions of the working class. If by some fortuitous concurrence of circumstances the proletariat found itself in the majority in Parliament, and attempted to change the order of things through that instrument alone, then the late ruling class will unhesitatingly resort to violent measures to retain the old order, and therefore it becomes imperative that the proletariat shall first become masters of the industrial field before it declares peace. Until that time arrives let no worker dream of industrial peace.

Selling Blood for Bread.

There is an operation not rare in surgery by which fresh blood from the veins of a healthy individual is transfused into those of a weakened patient. Some times the sacrifice is offered by a relative of the invalid, willing to contribute the current of life if it may impart new vitality to the loved one. At other times it becomes necessary to find a subject whose blood can be bought.

An occasion of this kind arose recently in Philadelphia and those in charge of the case had recourse to public advertisements. Suitable reward was offered to any young man in perfect health, able to pass a rigorous test as to his physical condition, who would give a pint of his blood in transfusion.

Thirty men responded. Nearly all of them were unemployed. All were in dire want.

And yet the horn blowers of the present order assure us that everything is lovely, that every man able and willing to work can obtain employment, that wretchedness is self-inflicted and that plenty and happiness may be had by all.

These men were able to work, since they presented themselves as perfect physical specimens. It is surely no violent supposition that they were willing to work, since they volunteered for a painful and dangerous service more exhausting than any labor.

None of these men knew or had the slightest interest in the patient. None of them were moved by any lofty, impersonal impulse to aid a victim of disease. It was a plain commercial offer. They were willing, eager, to sacrifice the vital fluid of their bodies for the means to support life. They came to sell their blood for bread, in the most literal significance of the phrase.

This was the extremity to which our beautiful industrial system had brought these thirty young men. This was the only opportunity open to them in our beautiful land of opportunity. This was the only use that our beautifully organised society could find for them—to open their veins and drain their strength at so much a drop.—CHARLES EDWARD RUSSELL, in *Coming Nation*.

Craft unionism is a means of supplying the financial needs of the labor politician at the expense of the workers. Class Unionism is a form of industrial organisation calculated to win for the worker the product of his toil and the means to satisfy all his own "economic" needs.—*Voice of Labor*.

Get subs for this paper.

The Class War.

BY A. R. W.

POLITICAL quacks and Labor mountebanks are fond of asserting that there is no class war, but the Sugar Workers' strike in Queensland, and the Seamen's and Welsh miners' strike in England prove that there is.

The Colonial Sugar Company is piling up such profits that it is puzzled how to hide the swag from the public it fleeces; yet it is fighting the men who make its profits under conditions little better than were imposed on the Kanakas.

The men are fighting for reasonable conditions—for an eight hours' day both in mill and field, but the sugar octopus maintains that the white men should work as many hours as the Kanaka did, and that its swag of profits should be as large as it used to be under black labor conditions.

The octopus reasons, in a savage sort of way, that as the white men are fed like Kanakas, and bedded and housed like them, they should also work like Kanakas; and that the people should pay a bonus for white grown sugar under Kanaka conditions.

The men naturally cannot see the matter in the same light as the Sugar Kings, and are demanding better conditions and a "Modification of Agreements"—precious documents which set forth all that the men must do and conform to, with no corresponding rules for the conduct of the industry on the "bosses' side.

The "agreement," so-called, which the cane workers have to sign is a purely one-sided document, and contains conditions which savor strongly of the old Kanaka days. One such condition is that which relates to the alleged "bonus" which the worker receives at the end of the season.

Clause 5 of the "agreement" says that "Seventy-five per cent of the earnings of each gang shall be paid monthly, and shall be divided amongst the members according to the period worked by each on second Saturday in the following month."

In the old days, the Sugar Kings hung on to the earnings of the Kanakas until the term of their slavery was ended. Now, however, the philanthropic only keep the white men's wages until the second month, when they kindly promise (under clause 5) to disgorge seventy-five per cent on the "second Saturday." But the "certificate of the employer or his representative, as to the number of hours worked by the laborer shall be final and conclusive."

The laborer has no say in any argument which crops up as to the number of hours worked, and he cannot draw a penny of his earnings until the second month, and then only seventy-five per cent of what the Sugar Kings admit that he has earned. The "twenty-five per cent retained shall be paid at the end of the season," if all the conditions of the so-called "agreement" have been complied with. If he, in the view of the employer, has broken any of his laws, the twenty-five per cent is confiscated by the man who made the laws.

The twenty-five per cent is a sort of wage between the boss and his men. The boss says, "I'll bet you twenty-five per cent of your wages that you don't obey all those laws," and the cane cutter has to wager that he will. The cane cutter finds all the stake money in the wager, and the good employer calls the stake a "bonus" when he pays it over "at the end of the season." Perhaps it was called a "bonus" in the old Kanaka days, and hence cannot have its name altered now.

Clause 1 sets forth the contract rates for cutting cane, but clause 7 says that the men must leave the work for which they are paid certain rates, and respond to the call of the boss to do work for which they are paid at different rates. If not the twenty-five per cent "bonus" must be forfeited. Clause 7 reads, "Should any cane require re-loading from accidental causes (other than faulty loading) the laborer shall, when requested, assist in re-loading, sixpence per ton being allowed for same."

There are a good many traps for the twenty-five per cent which the boss holds until the end of the season. In fact, there are so many that one wonders if any man ever succeeds in getting it. Clause 13 says, "It shall be optional for the employer to pay any employee leaving or being discharged under clause 12" (which is a law governing misconduct of various kinds), "at the rate of 7s per day net for time worked since last settlement, in lieu of rates above stated in clause 4." The man may have made 10s per day at the contract rates set forth in clause 4, but if the boss sees fit to sack him for something which he regards as misconduct, he can confiscate all over 7s per day, and, presumably, also that twenty-five per cent which is always hanging in the unequal balance.

Mr. Tudor, Minister for Customs and Excise, visited Bundaberg on June 30, and received a deputation from the Cane-growers' Union. The deputation put the case very plainly before the Minister, who, after hearing the deputation, stated, just as plainly, that the Colonial Sugar Refining Company is boss of the situation.

Mr. Laurison, a member of the deputation, said that "all the profits of the sugar industry went to the manufacturers and refiners, the C.S.R. Company getting three pounds profit on every ton of sugar, which was 15s for every ton of cane grown."

Mr. Cuttermull, President of the Cane-growers' Union, said that "while practically £20 per ton had been guaranteed the sellers of refined sugar, and the workers had been guaranteed so much per week, the Government had not arranged what the growers should get for the cane. The majority of the cane growers could not accede to the men's demands for increased pay and shorter hours, in consequence of the price they received for raw cane at the sugar mills. He admitted that the workers did not receive enough to enable them to keep themselves and their wives and families in reasonable comfort. The growers wanted the whole £4 a ton excise returned instead of £3 as at present. But they also wanted a guarantee that the millers would not take the £1 so returned."

At present £3 a ton excise is returned to the growers, which is quietly taken from them by the huge C.S.R. octopus, and the growers can see that if the Government returns the other £1 to them, it will go to the same place to which the £3 has been going, which would leave the growers and the workers in the same position as before.

A manufacturers deputation promised that if the extra £1 was returned to the growers, they would be allowed to keep it. They themselves were being squeezed by a shipping octopus which charged them 13s a ton to carry the sugar from Bundaberg to Sydney, whereas, sugar came from Java at from 8s to 10s freight. Java sugar was grown and handled by colored laborers who received 1s per day. If the Government would agree to abolish the £4 per ton excise, and the £3 bounty, the men's demands could be conceded.

The sugar kings' real objective is the abolition of the excise, the bounty, and the conditions relating to the employment of white labor. Having tasted the Kanakas' blood and sweat, and seeing the Java laborers toiling for 1s per day, they are exceedingly unhappy under present conditions with a beggarly profit equal to only 6s a ton on all cane grown. If the public would only submit to be fleeced, and allow the return of the Kanakas, all would be well, and there would be no more trouble in the sugar industry.

As for the white workers in the industry, and the old trades unionists who are supporting them, a pertinent question arises: Is the present objective their true goal? Should the old craft unions not be superseded by Industrial Unionism, with the complete socialization of industry as its objective? Under present conditions, with their present methods and objectives, the workers are being gradually reduced and enslaved by the capitalists, who are forcing wages down and the cost of living up. The workers must take a wider view than they have hitherto done, if they are to survive. They are face to face with a remorseless enemy that cares nothing for humanity, civilization, or society itself. Its god is Profit, and if Profit and human society are in conflict then society must be strangled. The only hope for the workers in the sugar industry, as in all others, lies in the direction of Socialism—production for use of all, instead of production for profit for a few. While we wish the sugar workers success in the present struggle, we must warn them that, which ever way is ends, the struggle is not final, and cannot be until the workers take for themselves the means of production and enjoy all they produce.

We had an interesting visitor at the rooms last week in the person of a Japanese comrade whose name I could not grasp. Our visitor knew Katayama, the Japanese delegate at the last Congress. He said that Katayama was at first a well-to-do man and also well-educated, but that he recently arrived in Japan penniless. He is in hiding, as the Japanese authorities would probably deal out the same fate to him as befel Kotoku. He also stated that there were two or three groups of Socialists in Japan, Katayama heading one, the more revolutionary, and the late Denjiro Kotoku the other. Kotoku was evidently more of a utopian, a dreamer, and our visitor gave us the inference that Kotoku probably gave the Japanese Government some excuse for the judicial murder which they afterwards committed.

A Speakers' Class is being formed under the charge of Comrade Wilson. The class will meet every Thursday, with the exception of the second Thursday in every month. First class will be held on July 21. J. Blumenthal is organising secretary.

The Pitfalls of Capitalism.

BY CHAS. W. GREEN.

Christianity is not the only cause that has known its Iscariots and Constantines. Christianity's history is not unique. Socialism is its modern analogy.

Christianity's genesis can be traced to an organised propaganda of the ancient lowly towards communism. Had its purpose been achieved, society must doubtless have changed its complexion to some degree. But, by conciliation and compromise, was it betrayed to its implacable foe—the Roman Empire. Down the centuries from that epoch its mission has been perverted and become a warden of ruling class interests, a custodian and protagonist of ruling class ethic. Sleek charlatans and mitred mountebanks have lived as parasites upon the ignorance and gullibility of the people ever since in the name of Christianity and the glory of God.

But! "They who live in glass houses should not throw stones." Are we Socialists quite sure that the history of modern Socialism is not going to be a repetition of Christian history? The menace is here, right within our movement, and it is a swelling menace. If we are not abject cowards and fools we must admit it and cope with it. To ignore it is to court ignominious defeat at the hands of opportunists within our own ranks.

Socialists! Sounds terribly paradoxical, doesn't it? Yet the fact is right here, palpitating in our midst. Aspiring politicians and union secretaries are intellectually sponging on the Socialist movement right throughout the world. Australia is not exempt from this indictment. The Labor Party, vast as is its magnitude is a poor educational institution. Hence, budding orators have developed themselves in the Socialist Parties and then looked around for fat political jobs within the anti-Socialist Labor brigade. Some have entered Parliament, others have wormed their way into secretarial billets with craft unions. All the former, most of the latter, have celebrated their advent to esoteric circles by trampling down all conviction and sense of honor. The Labor Party and the labor unions are honeycombed with officials and would-be officials who have sold all their souls' integrity for a mess of pottage.

Firstwhile Marxists are to-day whittling away their views to make them square with the collective ignorance of the mob. They are right here, with us, selling our unions, binding us to policies of reaction, placating our fighting spirit, emasculating our virility, conciliating, compromising, palliating, parrotting, mollifying, humbugging—all with both eyes on their precious jobs.

It is ripe time, comrades of the Revolution, that we turned apostates and denounced them for what they are—fakirs and deep-dyed hypocrites of the first-water. Our comradeship and love can only go out to honest men and women. However sedulously we fight our honest enemies, we respect their honesty of opinion, but when a comrade in arms betrays his class and conviction and for the sake of filthy lucre fawns and crawls to prevalent notions, then it is up to somebody to speak out.

There is no room in this rebel movement for politicians who won't tell the working masses the truth.

The place for the politician who lives by feeling the political pulse of people and parrotting whatever palaver is expedient is anywhere outside the movement. Let others sink their souls in the slough of opportunist politics. Socialism means self-sacrifice, political opprobrium and social ostracism. The platitudes they prate about "economic pressure" are rank cant as damnable as that of the workingman who prostitutes his love on the altar of mammon behind the cloak of a conventional marriage tie! No the International Socialist cause is not wide or deep enough to harbor or hold a bourgeois ambition. When it becomes such it ceases to justify its existence—it courts its own deliverance into the hands of its enemies. Socialism has reached its crisis pitch—its parting of the ways. It is being weighed on the balances of destiny.

In the one scale is the school of Revolution. To summarise the thoughts of this we might be permitted to classify its adherents—the class-conscious, anti-patriot, materialist conception, surplus-value, scientific, international industrialists.

It is these gentry who strike the fear of God right home through the stony, pharisaic hearts of the high and mighty. It is these who are the scape-goats of civilised society to-day. The accumulated knowledge—economic, political, sociological, scientific and historic—of these Socialists is the only earthly power that can swing the world's future from unsocial chaos to social order when the clock strikes the hour of the collapse of Capitalism.

In the other scale is the mixed school of Revisionism. Mixed, indeed it is, because its votaries have not cut adrift from the moorings of tradition that cankers the thought and withers the souls of its victims. Capitalistic concepts and bourgeois ideals have percolated through and through the whole body social, including the proletariat. Even minds that are awake to the ghastly iniquity of modern civilisation seem inseparable from the leaven of dominant cupidity

and tethered to the fundamentals of Capitalism. Only much intelligent research plus experience in the realm of economics can reveal to these the basic fallacy upon which all bourgeois ideas rest.

These two factions split the working class camp. Both are being constantly recruited. Both armies are swelling. Economic evolution is the driving power that is forcing the workers into these wings of the movement. The army of Revolution is being constantly augmented because a greater opportunity to think environs the toilers, while the middle-class intellectuals are being dumped among the proletariat and changing their views with their changed interests. The Revisionists are growing numerically because rosy opportunities are presenting themselves to the "labor leader" who clings to bourgeois ambitions. Revisionism is building boldly an official bureaucracy that is delegated to mould the mob-mind. This bureaucracy formulates a policy that must entrench itself deeper in power. Ergo, ungainly stampede of all the froth of the Socialist movement for the seats of officialdom.

Every semblance and taint of this old mercenary, money-mongering purpose and ideal must be rooted out ere Socialism finds its roots deep in the rocks of its own apostasy. A loathing contempt for all things respectable must be cultivated. The working class must mould its own politics, economics, and code of morale. It must direct its aim toward a revolutionary goal or its historic mission will end in futility.

Labor has endured a prolonged Calvary. The highway of humanity's march to freedom has been trodden by Labor in revolt. The footprints on the sands of time are stained with the red blood of the world's despised and rejected emancipators. No conscious opportunist or revisionary mugwump has trodden that path.

"No. 13" writes:

In one respect King George V. and the Emperor of China are alike in the patronage of religion. The King is the official head of two brands of church, namely Episcopalianism, represented by the Church of England, and Presbyterianism, represented by State Church of Scotland. The late Queen Victoria had the late King Edward VII and the other royal ladies babes baptised promiscuously by clergy of either religion. The Emperor of China goes one better, for he is the official head of three religions, namely Confucianism, Taoism and Buddhism. If the exigencies demanded it, doubtless both potentates would consent to become the head of an extra religious sect. It is more than probable that if King George V. had to sacrifice his belief and swear to maintain and defend the Roman Catholic Church to-morrow as head of the British Empire he would do so. Wasn't there a Prince named Boris or Floortis somewhere in Europe who was christened into a new faith some years ago because certain political and diplomatic advantages were thus secured to his parents? And didn't Princess Ena of Battenburg become a Roman Catholic and drop the faith of her fathers to marry the King of Spain? You see, brother worker, personal conviction does not count in these matters with your theological and economic and political masters, when a material advantage is to be secured. Religion to-day, with those persons who patronise it because it helps to dope the workers into that passive state in which they may be safely robbed by Capitalism, is merely a concession to public opinion. With them (apart from its chloroforming qualities when applied to the masses) it is a trimming used principally to round off the sharp corners of conventional life; or a something to put on or take off just like a walking coat. The fact that real practical Christians are so rare nowadays proves this. From the king on his throne down to the slummiest capitalist robber of unpaid labor, with rare exceptions, modern religion is a shameless masquerade of hypocrisy and snuff.

Socialist papers from the United States continue to unravel the capitalist plot against the organized workers in Los Angeles, and the attempt of the Times of California to connect the recent explosion in their office with a dynamite outrage perpetrated or inspired by J. J. McNamara, a Labor leader. The manner of arrest of McNamara strangely resembles that of Haywood, Pettibone, and Moyer, who were kidnapped at night, refused permission to see their families or legal advisers, and were hurried by special train to a distant State, where they were each incarcerated in separate steel lined cells, and "death watch" warders placed over them. The accusation against these trades unionists was that "the leaders have employed desperate criminals from time to time to do away with those who may have been selected for one reason or another for disappearance, and who have run counter to their interests." This is a strangely similar accusation to those appearing daily against McNamara in the Los Angeles Times; whilst Pinkerton spies, bogus confessions, and lying depositions form the groundwork of the manufactured evidence which is to smash the unions in Los Angeles, and make it an "open shop" town. Thus is the class war fought out in America, and thus do the "big interests" prove that they despise no weapon in their struggle against the growing consciousness and power of the aroused industrial workers.

Organised Scabbery.

BY EIGHT BELLS.

COMRADES, at the moment there is a strike proceeding in Queensland.

This strike is caused so that the rich shareholders of the Colonial Sugar Company may become still richer. The unnatural greed for gold of the sugar capitalists is such that no heed is taken of the poor helpless wage-slaves of the sugar kings.

I once worked in a sugar mill—the Prosperpine Central Mill—and briefly these are the conditions of sugar-slavery, for that is what it really amounts to.

We started work at six in the morning, and the sun rose at 6.42.

We worked among rotten, rancid, stinking treacle, which made our clothing stick to our bodies; among spoilt sugar, brown, lumpy, and smelly; and I can tell those who never see sugar until it is cleaned, that they cannot realise how nauseous it is when in large quantities in the stinking sugar hells that are called mills.

We worked up to 12 o'clock noon, and had dinner—and it was dinner. What a libel on food was placed before us!

On a large galvanised iron kind of trough were four or five largeunks of what was alleged to be corned beef—perhaps it had been some 20 years before, but not since.

I caught hold of one corner of a piece weighing somewhere about half-a-hundred weight, and tore off—I could not cut it—about a pound or so of the tenacious mass.

Then another treacly demon, with pieces of magass (crushed cane) adhering to his clothing, took possession of the remainder, while I amused myself in pulling long strings off what I had on my plate.

They called it plate, but I had my doubts about it, and later on, I found out that the plate and apparatus were relics of the Kanaka days, economically kept for whites to use.

After tearing at the dinner for some time, we resumed work, and taking off boots and socks, we waded into the treacle, guiding the eternal, dirty, smelly, black stream to the place where the sugar is taken out of it.

It was devilish work at the wages. Just fancy, in a White Australia with all the Labor Governments in full working order. Twenty-four shillings a week of sixty-two hours. Eleven hours for week days and seven on Saturdays.

No wonder there is a strike on. Human nature can stand a lot, but the sugar-slaves in the sugar Eldorado who work from before sunrise until after sunset for 12s per hour have too much to bear.

It was inevitable that the sugar-slave should turn some time, and he has done so, and now a boodile government with a psalm-singing, tin-pot renegade, like Denham, at its head, sends its tools to Sydney to recruit scabs to take the places of the slaves who have struck.

To those who intend to engage, I say, hold matey. Do you know your position? Suppose you do go, and you work, and the strike is broken; what will become of you? Now you are of some use to them, but after the strike is over, of what use will you be alongside of the skilled man whose job you had? Who will the boss keep on—the old hand used to the work, or the beginner? Commonsense tells you which.

The boss looks upon both you and the sugar-slave as he would a horse. You are an unknown horse, while the sugar-slave is a tried and staunch horse, used to the collar, but at the present time on strike because he wants a few more handfuls of oats in his chaff.

I hear a lot about unionism, and this is how trade unionism will help the strikers. Union wharf laborers will handle the sugar that is made by scabs; union seamen will work the steamers; union grocers will sell the sugar; and union men will buy it for their families. So the futile game will go on, each and every one doing his best to help the Sugar Kings to fasten and chain to his task the revolting wage-slave aiming at what unions were formed to bring into being—economic freedom.

Why! oh! why are the people so blind? Comrades, just realise what you would think if you were on strike, and the sugar-slaves helped your boss to down you. Yet that is what is taking place to-day? You are helping the white-slave owners of the cane-brake and mill to throttle white men who are fighting for their rights.

Then talk about it. Bring it up in the union room, and see that the officials interest themselves in the strike. If they do not do so, they are betraying you and your union.

Above all, remember that the underlying principle of the New Unionism is that an injury to one is the concern of all.

Agitate and organise; and again organise and agitate for Socialism.

He who deceives you once,
Shame on him;

He who deceives you twice,
Shame on you!

Industrial Unionism. One Big Union! Keep this thought ever in your mind. One class, one union. Talk it over with your shopmates. It is the question for the workers to-day.

The Sugar Strike.

The strike among the cane-cutters and millers in Queensland is a strike which could not last a week if the workers of Australia were organised in Industrial Unionism. The abuses under which these Queensland workers are suffering are so outrageous, and the brutality of the masters is so glaring that every industrial worker who, in any way links up his daily work with that of the sugar workers should immediately down tools, fold his arms, and remain out until the battle is won, and the eight hour day and other demands are gained. The sugar workers in field and mill are asking for (1) Eight-hour day; (2) modification of agreements (abolition of retention clauses relating to bonuses); (3) Minimum wage.—Mill hands, 30s per week and keep, or 42s per week without keep; field hands, 30s per week and keep, or 42s per week without keep for all field hands, cane-cutters excepted; cane-cutters, 10s per day without keep, or 8s per day and keep. When it is realised that in this tropical part of Australia men are at present working 10 hours a day at 4d per hour, and that, in order to prevent them from succeeding in the strike and gaining better conditions, the farmers of the district are scabbing in the crushing mills and elsewhere, the bitterness of the class struggle, which is denied by the politicians who are "revising" Karl Marx's interpretation, stands out in glaring relief. The employers have besides beat up from every State in the Commonwealth all the blackleg labor they could lay hands on, and have used the Government Labor Bureau for their unholy traffic; while the Queensland railways have issued free passes to any workers who could be induced to go to the scene of the strike and help Capital against Labor.

We are glad to note that most of the men who were brought by these shameful methods to the sugar fields were unaware at the time that a strike was in progress, and that when they realised what they were wanted for they refused to betray their class. The navvies employed on the tram line at Playstone also came out, though receiving 9s for an eight hours' day. We regret to see that the waterside workers have not followed this example, and are handling the scab sugar. Sugar in Australia costs £28 10s a ton. Out of this the grower gets £8 6s 3d, which includes £3 1s 9d per ton paid by the nation as sugar bounty. £4 goes to excise; and the balance of £16 3s 9d per ton goes to the refiner, who pays his workers 22s 6d to 27s 6d per week! About 5000 men are already out, and if the trouble extends, which we hope it will, 30,000 will be affected. But why, we ask, are they demanding only a minimum wage? Why not demand the full product of their industry?

Violating the Sabbath.

EDITOR, THE INTERNATIONAL SOCIALIST.—As a constant reader of your paper, will you kindly publish this letter if possible.

On the 13th inst. a deputation organised by the Evangelical Council, waited upon the acting Chief Secretary, Mr. Flowers, of Bible bashing notoriety. The object of the "Spiritual Pastoralists" was to place before the Minister their objections to a rational Sunday. Each individual member seemed to have a pet grievance of his own. One of them said that the Sabbath was being violated because the workers bought fruit and soft drinks; another one spoke on the dreadful habit the workers had of visiting the seaside on that "Sacred Day." Some of them spoke of what they termed the picture-show evil. How the toilers flocked there, and would not go to church and listen to the "Lord's shepherds" preaching about Moses or some other nonentity. The Rev. B. Danks (Methodist) declared that the day was essential to the moral and spiritual being of all the people. And he resented any man breaking the law. Now I happen to know that a great many of the "Heavenly Souls" have in their households a person who is generally termed the "slave," and the said slave has to work on the "Lord's Day" from light till dark. If the spiritual pedagogues are so anxious about the spiritual and moral welfare of the toiler, why do they keep their own employee at work, and at the same time on the same day preach their gospel, "Keep holy the Lord's Day," which they themselves are causing to be violated?

I think if the "Good Shepherds" would only attend to matters nearer home, they would be doing more good, instead of trying to pose as benefactors of the working class, who in 99 cases out of 100 would not care a straw if the Evangelical Council were deported to-morrow from Australia as undesirable aliens.

19.6.11.

APROPPOS.

A.R., Wentworth Falls, writes:—"It is a pity that the *Worker*, which gets a magnificent annual subsidy from us A.W.U. men, has not the staff of THE INTERNATIONAL SOCIALIST to run it and handle it as a workers' paper, instead of being an advertising bureau for the big sweating Sydney firms. It is refreshing to see your columns clear of their rubbish."

Notes from Adelaide.

BY H.S.C.

When the drivers at Graves and Co. returned to work Graves victimised six men, including Humphries. When interviewed by the Drivers' Union Graves stated that he would not take back two of the men, but would employ the other four when he had room for them.

Notwithstanding this he put on fresh men at the goodsheds when work was resumed.

Some of the victimised men have stated Blundell, Labor M.P., offered them work navvying on the railway in the country, but this the men refused.

Recently Graves re-instated four of the men owing, it is said, to the Port Adelaide wharf laborers bringing pressure to bear upon him.

In the Port Pirie *Recorder*, of June 17, an article on "How the drivers' strike was settled," appeared, written by Harry Jackson, M.P., under the non-deplume of "A Prominent Laborite," which stated, inter alia, that the U.L.U. delegates, in a conference with the growers, had agreed to send someone to Renmark to get the strikers to agree to arbitrate on all matters.

As Jackson was chairman at every conference he knows that this statement is false.

The U.L.U. delegates absolutely refused, in any conference, to recommend the Renmark workers to accept anything less than the 8s per day.

The collapse of the strike at Graves has caused a lot of dissatisfaction among the drivers.

The strike has been educational in as much as it has demonstrated to the unionists the weakness of their sectional organisation.

Recently the Minister for Lands, Crawford Vaughan, was called upon by the United Labor Party Council, at the instance of the U.L.U. to explain his action re transfers of allotments on different estates which the Government had cut up. He attended the meeting, but he stated that he was there only as a member of the Party, and refused to answer any question in his capacity as a Minister.

J. P. Wilson, Minister for Industry, was also called upon to attend the meeting, and explain his statement when he told the men at the Government produce depot at Port Adelaide that they must scab if requested to do so.

Wilson failed to appear, but sent a letter excusing himself as he had a social to attend that evening. It was decided to request him to appear at the next meeting.

Harmonious chorus by the Grand Choir of the Stewed Order of Wise Ones:

We are poor because:
We are too extravagant.
Trade is bad (we don't buy enough).

The tariff is too high.
The tariff is too low.
God has willed it so.

We go contrary to the will of God.

Of our evil ways.
It is a sign of virtue.
We are too arrogant and demand too much.

We are too submissive and not aggressive as we should be.
The Liberals are in power.

The Conservatives were in power.
To-morrow night the choir shall render: "Shall we gather at the river?"

The debate is expected to last for some years.—*Social Democrat*.

Industrial Unionism is the soil out of which shall grow the Industrial Democracy of to-morrow. Political action, which stands for much more than "Parliamentarianism," is necessary for many reasons in to-day's struggle with the plutocracy, but industrial organisation upon sound lines is an indispensable weapon for the working class.

S.F.A. News & Notes.

Sydney Jottings.

Comrade Blumenthal has been elected Organising Secretary for the Party in this State.

All our meetings were highly successful.

There was a record sale of literature in the Domain.

The police stopped the meeting in Goulburn-street on Sunday night.

Broken Mill.

On Sunday night Comrade Sturrock lectured on "Woman." He portrayed the moral, ethical, and economic position during the Grecian, Egyptian and Roman Empires, and mentioned that the religious institutions of those periods and of our time have played a prominent part in oppressing women.

All the photo-numbers of the paper were disposed of.

A debate on "Materialism" will take place shortly between the local Branch and three members of the Y.M.C.A.

Comrades Considine, Green, and Mather have been chosen to represent the Socialists.

South Australia.

The meetings on Saturday and Sunday were highly successful.

On Sunday night Comrade C. Bennett gave a delightfully interesting address on "William Morris."

On Coronation night a social was held in the Hall, and it was great success.

Maintenance Fund.

For "The International Socialist."

Rutherford 1s, F.H. 1s, Mrs. H. E. Holland 1s, G. Young 1s, F. Riley 1s, I. Knowles 1s, L. Colubar 1s, I. Aeking 1s, Duffield 1s, A. Binkins 1s, A. Larsen 1s, Dunker 1s, Slade 1s, I.B. 1s, Wegner 1s, Dunmer 2s, O.W.J. 1s, Carew 2s, Chambers 1s, Baillman 1s, J. Wilson 1s, H. Denford 1s, L. Black 1s, E.J.L. 2s, Robert Peart (Cessnock) 13s, M.H. £1, H. T. Robertson 10s, Gaum 1s, M. West 2s, I. G. Petersen (Morris) 10s, L.J.F. 1s. Total for week, £4 1s.

Comrades, the total now guaranteed amounts to £29 3s 3d, of which £12 3s 3d has already been contributed within the first three weeks. To make up the amount needed 30 more comrades must rally to our aid with their 1s per week for 13 weeks. Do it at once and enable us to go on with the work of pushing the propaganda for the cause that we all have at heart.

A scheme for doubling the circulation of the paper inside six months is being prepared, and will be put into execution as soon as this present task is off our hands.

The Press Fund.

Amounts donated to this Fund are devoted solely to liquidating the debt on the Printing Plant used to produce THE INTERNATIONAL SOCIALIST.

Already acknowledged	£ 12 18 5
A. Roberts, Wentworth Falls	0 1 0
C. L. Bushell, Portland	0 2 0
Collected at Club social	0 9 5
Collected at Domain meeting	2 3 0
Total	£ 15 13 10

Advanced as Loans.

Already acknowledged	£ 5 0 0
Balance	100 13 10

All communications to be addressed to O. W. Jorgensen, secretary, Press Fund Committee, 274 Pitt-street, Sydney.

Party Premises Fund.

Previously acknowledged	£ 8 11 0
C. L. Bushell, Portland	0 2 0
Total	£ 8 13 0

All communications to be addressed to J. R. Wilson, 274 Pitt-street, Sydney.

Propaganda Fixtures.

Sunday.

Domain, 3. Slade, (chair), Walsh, Wilson, Mrs. Lynch.
MARKET-STREET.—Wilson, Denford, Mandeno, Slade.
Bathurst-street.—Rutherford, Blumenthal, Whitmore.

Friday.

Crown and Cleveland-streets.—Riley, Whitmore, Wilson, Denford.
Riley and Crown-streets.—Rutherford, Blumenthal, Johnson, Mandeno.

Saturday.

NEWTOWN.—Bridges, 7.30—Walsh, Rutherford, Slade.
Bathurst.—Wilson, Riley, Denford, Whitmore.

THE SONG OF THE WAGE-SLAVE.

The land it is the landlord's.
 The trader's is the sea,
 The ore the miser's coffee fills—
 But what remains for me?
 The engine whirls for master's craft.
 The steel shines to defend,
 With labor's arms, what labor raised.
 For labor's foe to spend.
 The camp, the pulpit, and the law
 For rich men's sons are free;
 Theirs, theirs the learning, art, and arms—
 But what remains for me?
 The coming hope, the future day,
 When wrong to right shall bow,
 And heart that have the courage, man
 To make that future now.
 I pay for all their learning,
 I toil for all their ease;
 They render back, in coin for coin,
 Wait, ignorance, disease.
 Toil, toil, and then a cheerless home,
 Where hungry passions cross;
 Eternal gain to them that give
 To me eternal loss!
 The hour of leisure happiness
 The rich alone may see;
 The playful child, the smiling wife—
 But what remains for me?
 They render back, those rich men,
 A pauper's niggard fee,
 Mayhap a prison—then a grave.
 And think they're quits with me;
 But a fond wife's heart that breaks,
 A poor man's child that dies,
 We score not on our hollow cheeks
 And in our sunken eyes;
 We read it there, where'er we meet,
 And as the sun we see,
 Each asks, "The rich have got the earth,
 And what remains for me?"
 We hear the wrong in silence,
 We store it in our brain;
 They think us dull, they think us dead,
 But we shall rise again;
 A trumpet through the hands will ring;
 A heaving through the mass;
 A trumpet through their palaces,
 Until they break like glass;
 We'll cease to weep by churchyard graves,
 From lonely homes we'll flee;
 And still, as rolls our million march,
 Its watchword brave shall be:
 The coming hope, the future day,
 When wrong to right shall bow,
 And hearts that have the courage, man,
 To make that future now.

ERNEST JONES.

Renmark Women's Organising League

Facts for Propagandists.

BY MANDA LEON.

I WANT this week to give you some economic facts that may be useful when you try to show others how useless it is to expect any real improvement under a capitalist and competitive system, such as we have everywhere to-day. To begin with—everything is now made simply for profit, not for use. No man sets out to make knife-cleaners just because they save labor and will therefore be useful to thousands of men and women. He makes knife-cleaners, first because he expects to make money out of the business, and because he knows that he can make money out of something that people are likely to want. But supposing everybody in the world needed knife-cleaners, but refused to pay more than the exact cost of production, then we shouldn't find anybody who would be willing to make knife-cleaners at all. This proves that the idea of profit, not need, dominates the capitalist. It is so with every single thing that is produced or manufactured to-day. You can't buy anything at the amount that it costs to make it. Let us take the case of a pair of boots. We'll suppose our pair costs exactly five shillings to make. That includes the cost of the leather as it comes as rough hide from the slaughter yard, the wages of the men who tanned it, and the wages of the men who made the different parts of the boots and fitted them together. Can you buy those boots for five shillings? Certainly not. In the shop they are marked at 10s. They cost 5s to make; they are sold at 10s. Who gets this difference in price? The capitalist gets it. Has he any right to it? None whatever. He has not worked. He has merely used the labor of you workers to get for himself that surplus 5s. The landlord took some, the owner of the slaughter-yard took a little, the owner of the tannery took a little, and the boot manufacturer took the rest. Now the same thing goes on with every single article that the workers' make, with every bit of labor power that you sell. You do not get the wealth you create. You have to pay for the very things you yourselves make, far more than you know they cost, and the capitalist who takes this surplus value, uses it against you, to keep you poor, hungry, and ignorant. These are the facts of your work, what that work may be, be it packing fruit, or making factory garments, or working machines. Never, under the present system, do you get back the full value of the labor power you sell. Always you have to pay almost double what it costs for the production of the food and clothing you need. Further, we find that very often you are starving when there is plenty to eat; that you go cold while great warehouses stand crammed with the clothes you have made, and which you so badly need. Don't you think it's absolutely ridiculous that you should still submit to this state of affairs? In a little fruit-growing town I know well in New Zealand fruit rots in the orchards by the ton every year, while in the shops it is so expensive that the poor cannot afford to buy it. The fruit market, like every other market, is engineered by the capitalist, without the smallest regard for people's needs.

Now if all the people in the world had access to the land, if rents were not forced up by land owners, if nobody could make a profit out of holding on to land and selling it at top prices, we should have the products of the soil sold at the actual cost of production. There really is plenty of land in the world for everybody. Here in N.S.W. we have 198,848,000 acres, and according to the last census we find we have 1,649,400 people. That gives us something over five persons to each square mile of land. Or, in other words, if the people owned the land of N.S.W., there would be about 120½ acres for each man, woman and child in the State. Instead of that we see under capitalism great masses of people herded together in wretched hovels, without air and sunlight, paying any price the capitalist likes to ask. Some of you may perhaps think the Federal Land Tax will be a good thing for the worker. Let me tell you that under capitalism no measure can really benefit you, for the capitalist will see to it that he gains more than he loses on any reform brought in by the Labor or any Government. When the Federal Land Tax was proposed, and months before it became law, the capitalists banded together to raise rents. A Sydney girl I know, who has a house in which she sublets rooms, was called upon to pay an extra £1 a week in rent, by the agent Sir W. P. Manning, acting for the absentee owner, Lord Rosebery. This was long before the tax became law! When the girl protested the agent replied, "Oh! but under the Federal Land Tax I'll have to pay so much more in taxes, so I must raise my rents." It was useless to protest, so the girl in her turn, raised her rents; and her tenants, in their turn, charged more for what they were doing; and the people who bought from them, in their turn took it out of the public somehow, and in the end nobody gained but the wealthy Lord Rosebery, and the wealthy Sir W. P. Manning. Do you see now what a farce reform is?

You think, perhaps, that if the cost of

living were reduced here in Australia you would benefit. Let us suppose again that in the State of N.S.W., with the wages at the present standard, it became suddenly possible to live on half as much as you are now doing. Suppose some multi-millionaire, or the State itself, bought up all the land, and cut down rents by one half, do you think you workers would benefit, with capitalism everywhere in the world? Just at first you'd believe you could save the difference in your rent. But this is what would really happen. There would at once be a tremendous influx of the poorly paid and the unemployed from other States or other countries into our State of the low rents. We couldn't stop them coming. Competition for jobs would immediately become fiercely keen. At the beginning wages might be 10s a day in a certain trade, but soon some desperate persons would offer themselves at 5s, and then some still more desperate would come along for 3s, and in a very short time wages would fall to the lowest of living, and the worker would be no better off, for all the low rents. Under capitalism you can't abolish the man who is always ready to work for less than other men. Under capitalism you can't stop competition doing away with the temporary advantages of raised wages or lowered cost of living. Under capitalism patchy experiments are no good at all, except to show that it's only by banding together all round the world that the workers can hope for justice.

Again, perhaps you think you really do gain by a rise in wages. Do you? Suppose all the workers in the clothing factories throughout the State demand and get 2s 6d a week extra. What happens? The factory owners at once say, "We have to pay £1000 a year more in wages. We're not going to lose that. We'll raise the price of factory goods." They confer with each other. They all agree, and up goes the price of underclothing, cloaks, dresses, blouses, etc. Then the grocer, who finds he has to pay more for his wife's and children's garments says also, "I must make this up somehow," and so a half-penny a pound is tacked on to sugar, or flour, or tea. The butcher thinks likewise, and you pay a little more for your meat. The shoemaker is affected also, and charges you a little more for your shoes. All the working people who have to pay more for their clothes clamor for rises in wages owing to the increased cost of living, and all their employers, to cover the rise, tack something on to what they sell, and so it goes endlessly on, and nobody really benefits but the capitalists at the top, who are becoming richer every year. In this way the 2s 6d rise of the factory workers is more than swallowed up. No, don't imagine you are any better off for a rise in wages.

Now we Socialists realise that all the reforming Acts in the world will never benefit the worker under capitalism. It's quite impossible to prevent the capitalist from taking his whack out of every apparent gain to the worker. It is quite impossible to better the conditions for any length of time, as long as we have mobs of the unemployed in other places ready to come in and fight us for jobs, and so bring wages down. It is quite impossible under capitalism to gain ground anywhere. Nobody can stop the capitalist charging you 10s for boots that cost 5s. No Act of Parliament can prevent the landlord from raising your rent when he has extra taxation to pay. No arbitration Court can prevent the capitalist raising the price of clothes when he has to increase the wages of his hands. Capitalists band together everywhere to defeat the measures of Parliaments, and the decisions of Courts, and nothing but Socialism has ever been devised to solve the problem. We see now that we must abolish the capitalist. He is not necessary in the production of food and clothing. He is only a vampire who preys upon workers. By learning to organise as the capitalist has organised, by taking over the means of producing food and clothing, by owning the land and railways and steamers, and by making things for use and not for profit, the workers of the world will have all they require without toil and struggle, as a simple matter of justice.

In another article I hope to show how useless are Parliaments by themselves to help you, and how you must rely on Industrial Unionism and International Socialism to bring about the Co-operative Commonwealth.

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The following meetings will be held at 274 Pitt-street, Sydney, during the forthcoming week:—

Thursday, 7—S.F.A. Administrative Council.
 Monday, 7.30 p.m.—Club Executive.
 Monday, 8.30 p.m.—Joint Executives.
 Monday, 9.15 p.m.—Party Executive.

THE BALLAD OF THE POOR BLOKES.

Ill ye who sit at the top of things
And hold the places in Fame's white glare.
Preachers and presidents, officers, kings.
Vested Authority everywhere:
Have you looked at the steps as you climb the stair?
Have you thought of the "weaklings" shovelled close to the wall?
The hands at the game who drew deuce—and despair:
Poor blokes cry you mercy Sirs, one and all.

Sleek-jowled senators, pulling the strings
For that or the other small "private affair."
Captains of Industry, winding the springs,
Relieving the Public of all it can spare,
Returning a sop through some Charity chair.
Obedient Judges who pompously crawl
Where their interests lead them, nor vary a hair—
Poor blokes cry you mercy, Sirs, one and all.

Priests who cover with skirts your wings,
And draw fat wage for your proxy ware.
With a bland, blank smile where gaunt Want stings,
Worn editor, hunting a two-cent scare,
Pickled "props of Society," debonnaire—
Throw a coin to the curb on your way to the ball!
Have you thought of the guys who got pinched in the fair?
Poor blokes cry you mercy, Sirs, one and all.

Potentates, pause—see! that crimson flare!
Pride hath made possible many a fall.
Hark!—the thunder is rumbling low where'er
Poor blokes cry you mercy, Sirs—one and all!

—P. ROCKWELL, in the *Coming Nation*.

The General Strike.

Extracts from speech at Meeting Held for the Benefit of the Buccaforti Defence at Progress Assembly Rooms, New York, March 16, 1911.

BY WILLIAM D. HAYWOOD.

In Wales it was my good fortune to be there, not to theorise but to take part in the general strike among the coal miners. Previous to my coming, or in previous strikes, the Welsh miners had been in the habit of quitting work, carrying out their tools, permitting the mine managers to run the pumps, allowing the engine winders to remain at work, carrying food down to the horses, keeping the mines in good shape, while the miners themselves were marching from place to place singing their old time songs, gathering on the meeting grounds of the ancient Druids and listening to the speeches of the labor leaders; starving for weeks contentedly, and on all occasions acting most peaceably; going back to work when they were compelled to by starvation.

But this last strike was an entirely different one. It was like the shoemaker's strike in Brooklyn. Some new methods had been injected into the strike. I had spoken there on a number of occasions previous to the strike being inaugurated, and I told them of the methods that we adopted in the west, where every man employed in and around the mine belongs to the same organization; where when we went on strike the mine closed down. They thought that was a very excellent system. So the strike was declared. They at once notified the engine winders, who had a separate contract with the mine owners, that they would not be allowed to work. The haulers took the same position. No one was allowed to approach the mines to run the machinery.

Well, the mine manager, like mine managers everywhere, taking unto himself the idea that the mines belonged to him, said, "Certainly the men won't interfere with us. We will go up and run the machinery." And they took along the office force. But the miners had a different notion and they said, "You can work in the office, but you can't run this machinery. That isn't your work. If you run that you will be scabbing; and we don't permit you to scab—not in this section of the country, now." They were compelled to go back to the office. There were 325 horses underground, which the manager, Llewellyn, complained about being in a starving condition. The officials of the union said, "We will hoist the horses out of the mine." "Oh, no, we don't want to bring them up. We will let them starve a few days."

"You will either bring up the horses now or you will let them starve there."

He said, "No, we won't bring them up now."

The pumps were closed down on the Cambria mine; 12,000 miners were there to see that they didn't open. Llewellyn started a hue and cry that the horses would be drowned, and the king sent the police, sent the soldiers, and then sent a message to Llewellyn asking if the horses were still safe. He didn't say anything

about his subjects, the men. Guarded by soldiers a few scabs, assisted by the office force were able to run the pumps. Llewellyn himself and his bookkeeping force went down and fed the horses.

Had there been an industrial organization comprising the railroaders and every other branch of industry, the mines of Wales would be closed down to-day.

We found the same condition throughout the west. We never had any trouble about closing the mines down. We could keep them closed down for an indefinite period. It was always the craft unions—that caused us to lose our fights when we did lose.

I recall the first general strike in the Cœur d'Alenes, when all the mines in that district were closed down to prevent a reduction of wages. The mine owners brought to man the mines men carrying six-shooters and rifles. There was a pitched battle between miners and thugs. A few were killed on each side. And then the mine owners asked for the soldiers, and the soldiers came. Who brought the soldiers? Railroads manned by union men; engines fired with coal mined by union men. That is the division of labor that might have lost us the strike in the Cœur d'Alenes.

It didn't lose it, however. We were successful in that issue. But in Leadville we lost the strike because they were able to bring in scab labor from other communities where they had the force of the government behind them, and the force of the troops.

In 1899 we were compelled to fight the battle over in a great general strike in the Cœur d'Alenes again. Then came the general strike in Cripple Creek, the strike that has become a household word in labor circles throughout the world. In Cripple Creek 5,000 men were on strike in sympathy with 45 men belonging to the millmen's union in Colorado City, 45 men who had been discharged simply because they were trying to improve their standard of living.

By using the state troops and the influence of the federal government they were able to man the mills in Colorado City with scab millmen; and after months of hardship, after 1600 of our men had been arrested and placed in the Victor Armory in one single room that they called the "bullpen," after 400 of them had been loaded aboard special trains guarded by soldiers, shipped away from their homes, dumped out on the prairies down in New Mexico and Kansas; after the women who had taken up the work of distributing strike relief had been placed under arrest—we find then that they were able to man the mine with scabs, run the mills with scabs, the railroads conveying the ore from Cripple Creek to Colorado City run by union men—the connecting link of a proposition that was scabby at both ends! We were not thoroughly organized. There has been no time when there has been a general strike in this country.

Continued.

☐ Socialist Fables. ☐

The Revolution of the Bees.

BY W.H.W.

Many years ago, finding the hive overpopulated, the Bees resolved to adopt a system of emigration.

A swarm, led off by an old Queen, went forth and found a warm, comfortable hollow in the limb of a tree, where their work was thus described by one who closely observed their operations:

"So work the honey bees,
Creatures that by a rule in nature teach
The art of order to a peopled Kingdom.
They have a King, and officers of sorts,
Where some, like magistrates correct at home,

Others, like merchants, venture trade abroad,

Others, like soldiers, armed in their stings,
Make boot upon the summer's velvet buds;
Which pillage, they with merry march bring home

To the tent royal of their emperor;
Who busied in his majesties surveys
The singing masons building roofs of gold;
The civil-citizen kneading up the honey;
The poor mechanic porters crowding in
Their heavy burdens at the narrow gate;
The sad-eyed Justice, with his surly hum
Delivering o'er to executor's pale
The lazy, yawning drone."

(The poet was wrong in one particular: The "king" and "emperor" was not a king, but a queen, whose function it was to give birth to the offspring of the hive.)

As work proceeded, the workers found that a growing number evaded work. These

were the "lazy, yawning drones." They were the Queen's favorites, and theirs, like that of all courts, was a post of dubious value.

The workers resolved to cut short the idle, amorous career of the drones, and the terrible edict went forth for their massacre.

At a given signal, the workers attacked the drones, each one selecting a victim, and planting his sting deeply between the segments of the abdomen, killed him instantly.

The drones did not resign themselves to their fate very meekly, but offered a vigorous resistance to the executioners, who of course, overpowered them by force of numbers.

The Revolution over, the workers resumed their usual labors of accumulating, building and rearing their progeny.

During the following years the Bees found that the drones again accumulated within the hive, and an annual revolution was instituted when the drones were dispatched, and the community kept free of loafers.

A man, who deemed himself wiser than the bees, once remonstrated with a hive, and endeavored to persuade the bees to abandon their revolutionary practice.

The bees replied, and said, "No, as fast as the drones accumulate, we will exterminate them, for we have seen mankind revolt, and kill the drones, and then go to sleep, while the drones accumulated until strong enough to kill the human hive, which they invariably did."

Capitalism's Trail of Blood.

For if blood be the price of all your wealth,
Good God! we have paid it in full!

Henry George Wybrew, laborer, was injured in falling from his cart, in Pyrmont.

While untrucking logs at the Avalon mills, Forster, T. Gallagher was seriously injured. While winching one log off the truck another log rolled on him, crushing his chest and breaking his leg.

Ray Lewis, railway porter at Mt. Gambier, South Australia, was crushed between two cattle trucks and badly injured.

William Young (79) stonebreaker, fell and broke his neck whilst getting over a fence on his way to work, in Melbourne.

Whilst walking up the stairs to a loft at the livery stables in Elizabeth-street, Joseph Smith, a buggy driver, fell and fractured his skull, dying instantly.

Alexander Cook and a man named Calnan were injured through a tank weighing 5 cwt. falling, in the Aberdeen butter factory.

What is morally wrong can never be made politically right.—Burke.

Concentration is the secret of strength in politics, in war, in trade.—Emerson.

The magistrate, the judge, the policeman, and the soldier, are the sword and pistol of this modern highwayman (the capitalist) and I may add that he is also furnished with what he can use as a mask under the name of morals and religion.—William Morris.

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